



C. Palmer

THE FUGITIVES.

Page 63.

S T A R

before S. Ross-

OF

EMANCIPATION.

"In all things that have beauty, there is nothing so man more
comely than Liberty."—*Milton.*

BOSTON:

FOR THE FAIR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS FEMALE
EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.

1841.

C.M.

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P R E F A C E.

Our “STAR OF EMANCIPATION” appears before the public with no great pretensions. We do not intend to vie with Virgil or Shakspeare in point of plot or tragedy, but we are assured that the sentiments we utter in the item of *Practice*, (which, by the way, in these days of Theory, is one of no small importance,) contain far more of truth and value, and of that which Longfellow tells us Life is,—Reality, than much of the writings of either of the above personages.

With what degree of brilliancy our *Star* shines forth, is left for the reader to decide. That Star which *has* guided, and we hope will *still* guide many a refugee to Victoria’s dominions, is not

one of the first magnitude. In its *position* and *stability* consists its merit.

If our "Star" shine from the right point in the moral heavens, and with a certain light, though it be not one of the first magnitude, it serves the end at which we aim,—the deliverance of the bound. With this single object in view, we commend its pages to the friends of humanity.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Female Emancipation Society,

THE COMPILERS.

ALL SPEAK OF THEE.

Inscribed on every tree
With branches waving free,
On cliffs far reaching, lone,
On every little stone,
On Ocean's vasty deep,
Where low the mermaids sleep,—
On monsters huge and dread,
Who make the sea their bed,—
On little fish that blink
Along the river's brink ;—
On every little rill,
Whose kiss revives the hill,
Where springs the gentle flower,
That blossoms for an hour ;—
On every living thing,
With fin or spangled wing,—
On every bird that flies
With one, or thousand dyes,
From her who sits bald, throned,
With blood red beak alone,
To the sweet nightingale

In grove or love-lit vale,—
On every odorous breeze
Lingering among the trees,—
On every little fly,
That flits before the eye ;—
On every sparkling star
That speaks to us from far,
Even from the distant gleam
Of Mercury's moony beam,
Whose car all brilliant flies
On errands through the skies ;—
On every secret thought
By Inspiration wrought,
Yea, on God's spotless throne,
Dazzling with light its own,
Heaven and all earth can see
Inscribed,—Liberty !

FELICIA.

Boston, Sept. 1841.

* The rapidity with which Mercury flies is so great (more than 100,000 miles an hour) that the Grecian Astronomers considered it the messenger of the gods, and hence they represented it with wings at its head and feet, from which is derived the character used to represent it.

CONTENTS.

All Speak of Thee,	6
The Western Stars,	9
Where is the Captive's Home?	13
The Stranger,	16
"Open thy Mouth for the Dumb,"	19
Oppression,	21
An Appeal to America on Behalf of the Slave,	23
Persevere,	25
Song of the Ransomed Captive,	26
Sycophancy,	28
Liberty,	29
The Fugitives,	37
The Refugee Mother in Canada,	69
Mary S. Parker,	74
Stanzas, Suggested by the Death of Mary S. Parker,	77
Letter from Thomas Clarkson,	80
The Fugitive's Welcome,	83
Mind is Free,	85
Compassion,	86

The Slave Auction,	87
Lines to Thomas Clarkson, Esq.,	92
Lines, Addressed to the American Delegates,	93
Slavery,	94
The Liberty Banner,	97
To Joseph Sturge, Esq.,	100
The Ballot Box,	102
The Freed Captive,	104
Stanzas, to the Women of Great Britain,	106



STAR OF EMANCIPATION.

THE WESTERN STARS.

BY G. B. HOLMES.

“ L’ esprit des temps rejoint ce que la mer sipay,
“ Le titre de famille est écrit en tout lieu.
“ L’ homme n ’est plus français, anglais, romain, barbare,
“ Il est concitoyen de l ’empire de Dieu !
“ Les neurs des nations s ’ecroulent en poussieres,
“ Les langues de Babel retrouvent l ’ unite,
“ L ’ Epangile refait avec toutes ces pierres
“ Le temple de l ’ humanite ! ”

A. DE LAMARTINE.

The stars—the stars—the glorious stars !
There’s not a cloud their beauty mars,
As, onward, beaming love and light,
They wander through the “ stilly night.”
But what are ye, embanner’d there,
In constellation bright and fair ?

Young Freedom's stars ! alas ! ye wave
In mockery o'er yon fetter'd slave !
For this did countless millions pour
From free Britannia's distant shore ?
Did this her injured sons beguile
From green Iérne's sorrowing isle ?
It could not and it must not be,
The world proclaims that Afric's free.

Sons of the West ! on bended knee,
Their rights, as men, your captives crave,
And must the astonish'd nations see
That Freedom's home is Freedom's grave ?
Sons of the West ! I see again
O'er broken chains your banner move,
Meet emblem of yon glittering train,
That sparkles with eternal love !

Are they not men, the swarthy hosts
That teem on Afric's burning coasts ?
And they, where sunbeams dimly glow,
The stunted, fur-clad Esquimaux ?
Are they not men, that noble race
Your thirst for gold would fain efface ?
Oh, let them in their woods be free,
The Seminole—the Cherokee !

Say, where are they, when first he came,
Who joy'd in "Father Ona's" name ;—
Who call'd their own "Great Spirit," Sire ?
Ye drown'd them in your "liquid fire" !
And Niagara's deaf'ning spray
Demands in thunder—where are they ?

Sons of the West ! we all must die ;
We all must meet before the throne
Of Him, whose everlasting eye
Can pierce the human heart alone.
He saw your *ill-starred* vessel roam
O'er ocean with yon trembling slave ;
He saw you, when ye made the home
The red man gave your sires, his grave !

That other world—tremendous thought !
It comes to all, howe'er unsought ;
And there the slave and tyrant meet,
As equals, at the judgment seat.
Yes, they shall rise before you then,
That countless host of murder'd men,
And ill your cowering glance shall brook
On their accusing eyes to look.
Repent, repent and stretch the hand
Of Freedom o'er yon western land.

Go, bid the woes of Afric cease.
Go, let the red man dwell in peace.
Then, wash ye in the healing flood
Of Jesus' all-atoning blood.

Sons of the West ! I see again
O'er broken chains your banner move,
Meet emblem of yon glittering train
That sparkles with eternal love !

It comes—it comes—that holy hour !
Let earth's enfranchised sons rejoice,
Triumphant in their infant power ;
Let universal Freedom's voice
Proclaim that not a shadow mars
The glory of yon WESTERN STARS !

Horsham, (Eng.) 11th mo. 23d, 1840.

WHERE IS THE CAPTIVE'S HOME?

BY C. L. NORTH.

A noble dome, alone it stood,
The home of wealth and pride—
The price of trade in human blood,
Of wo and misery wide.
The brilliant light now streaming far
Eclipsed the starry ray,
And Fashion's throng were gathered there—
The lovely and the gay.

Soft music rose upon the air
A sweetly plaintive tone,
All hung upon the voice and lyre,—
Their sound was heard alone.
Beneath the same blue sky that smiled
Upon that thoughtless train,
There wandered forth Oppression's child
And caught the melting strain.

She had not learned to feel by art
And weep at music's swell,
But Nature gave a feeling heart
And she obeyed the spell.

The plaintive song that met her ear
Could touch a chord within,
And 'home, sweet home' called forth a tear,
It fell by all unseen.

'Where is my home?' the captive sighed,
'Where is that spot so dear?
'Tis not in all this land abroad
My home,—it is not here.
I know this land is passing fair,
But 'tis not dear to me;
While slavery's galling chain I wear,
My home it cannot be.

There is a land, a far-off land
Where once my fathers dwelt,
I've learned to love it—Afric's strand,
A child's devotion felt.
I hail the sun, the king of day,
I watch the stars of heaven,
I love the moon's pale silver ray
At quiet hour of even;
I love the clouds, the sky of blue,
And ocean's ceaseless tide,
What e'er belongs to Afric too
Is to my heart allied.

And yet I would not seek that shore,
Or if I there could roam
There's none to make me welcome there,
'T is not, 't is not my home.

"I have no home," the captive sighed
And sought her cabin door,
'No home,' the murmuring breeze replied,
An exile evermore.
There is on earth not one dear spot
Oppression's child may love ;
O, who shall raise her drooping thought
To find a home above !

Lowell, Oct. 1841.

THE STRANGER.

BY LAURILLA ALEROYLA.

— Stranger is a holy name:
Guidance, and rest, and food, and fire,
In vain he never must require.

WALTER SCOTT.

The name of “stranger” is indeed “a holy name.” All ages have respected it. All nations honored it. The Barbarian dare not reject the “stranger.” He will receive him to his hearth, and though he be an enemy, he will protect him as a household god. The savage in his little hut receives the stranger, even though he be the white man that has robbed him of his lands and is destroying his nation. He kindles for him his fire, he gives him food, and spreads for him his softest furs. “Fly far” said the Moor, as he led his horse to a fugitive whom he had sheltered; “fly far while the night can cover you. Your pursuers are in my house, you are the murderer of my son, but you have asked of me protection, and I dare not betray you.” “I

was a stranger and ye took me not in," is one of the dreadful condemnations to be heard from the throne at the day of judgment.

Is there in this wide world so lone a "stranger," so destitute a being, as the escaping slave? The world is new to him—he looks around—trembling he looks, and sees in every tree his master's form, and hears in every breeze the driver's lash. The tiger has his den, the bear his hollow tree, but where can this poor "stranger" lay his head? To the North star he turns as to his God, and thither bends his feeble steps. Fainting with hunger, and benumbed with cold, he begs for food and shelter. Who will refuse to aid the pleading slave? Who will turn him from his door? A Northern laborer! Warm in his pleasant cottage, reared with his well paid wages, a Northern laborer will drive the perishing bondman back into the howling wilderness! But who is there that will betray him? His manly limbs are galled with slavery's chain, his noble form is bent with slavery's yoke, his bleeding feet deformed with slavery's fetters! Who is the wretch that dare betray him? A *Northern* yeoman! Free as the mountain breeze himself,

rejoicing in his liberty, protected in his rights; a Northern yeoman will betray the wretched slave! Is there a nation where the free winds blow, and where the rain of heaven descends,—a nation where the bright sun shines, and where the beauteous earth spreads forth her fruits, that dare refuse protection to this "stranger?" There is such a nation—and that nation is America! The beacon light of liberty is blazing on her mountains, the joyful shouts of freedom rising from her vallies, but she will seize the escaping bondman, chain him again and send him back to slavery! Oh what an act is this, to take the helpless "stranger" and give him up a bound and trembling victim, into the hands of his enraged and lawless master!! It is a deed of horror! Such are thy trophies, slavery! and such the offerings thy votaries must lay upon thine altar! Thy morning and thy evening sacrifice is human blood! Thy victim is the guiltless "stranger!"

Glastenbury, Conn., 1841.

"OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE
DUMB."

Written under an Autograph of Capt. Charles Stuart.

BY SARAH DYMOND.

Brother, I will!—that charge shall be
A sacred Talisman to me;
Nor doubt shall check, nor coldness steel
My heart against that warm appeal,
But in and out of season still
The outraged slave my lips shall fill,
With argument to rouse the bold
To active zeal, to warm the cold,
The apologist of crime to shame,
By mention of thy stainless name.
That name which o'er the Western wave
Speaks hope and comfort to the slave.

Yes, Stuart, yes, thy name shall be
A sacred Talisman to me;
Whether amid Canadian snows,
Thy care shall soothe the Negro's woes,
When faint and worn, the Refugee
To thy protecting care shall flee,

And find beneath Victoria's sway,
Safety by night and peace by day :
Or, when amid the recreant band
Of freedom's sons, thy foot shall stand
On bright Missouri's rolling tide,
Or by sweet Susquehanna's side,
Thy lips of love shall intercede
For him who *cannot*, *must not* plead.

Friend of the slave! thy charge shall be
A sacred Talisman to me,
My mouth *shall* "open for the dumb"
Till Freedom's glorious morn shall come ;
My daily orison shall be,
Lord, let the slave at length be free !
Nor till in death these lips shall close,
Will I forget the Negro's woes,
But breathe like Fox, life's latest prayer,
" Spare Africa, the negro spare ! "

Taunton, (Eng.) Jan. 25th, 1841.

OPPRESSION.

Suggested by seeing a colored Minister of the Gospel insulted in a stage coach.

BY A. B.

God of the comfortless ! O, cast around
These stricken ones, the arm invisible
Of thy protective care, nor let the scorn,
The cold contempt, the bitter, burning hate
Which day by day is heaped upon them,
Tarnish their souls, or cause them to pervert
The ways of righteousness. O holy One,
Are not their souls thine own ? are they not bound
To thee by ties indissoluble strong ?
Thou God of woman born, whose very visage
Was more marred through earthly hate than all
the sons
Of men, are not these parts of thine own self ?
Are not thy heart-strings twined around *their souls*,
And enters not the sword into *thy soul*,
When e'er disdainful man spurns at thine image
And would trample in the dust thy priceless
Jewels ? Omnipotent Jehovah, say,

Are they not thine offspring? Dwell not their
guardian

Angels, ever in thy presence, and speed
They not as gladsomely on their bright wings,
To bear balm to the breast of those on whom
Afric hath poured its noon-tide rays, as those
Who 're fanned by gales swept from New Eng-
land's forests?

Dwells not the good Spirit as lovingly
Within the bosom of the swarthy race?
Whispers he not as sweet his heavenly
Consolations to the Ethiop's heart,
With joy unspeakable his ravished bosom
Filling? 'T is even so;—and when heaven's
Vast battalions shall stand in glorious
Triumph all revealed, none will more beauteous
Shine, than those who meekly for his dear name
Endured the cross, trampling upon the shame,
Content to be *e'en as their Master was,*
Despised, and reckoned among menial things!

AN APPEAL TO AMERICA ON BE-HALF OF THE SLAVE.

BY T. WALLACE,

Pastor of the Congregational Church, Petersfield, (Eng.)

Land of the lake and river,
Land of the mountain-range,
To all thy fame and glory
Our mem'ries are not strange;
We know thy skies are splendid,
We know thy sons are brave,
And yet, our hearts are saddened,
Because thou hast the *Slave*!

Thy children fought with valor,
To burst a galling yoke,
And never ceased exertion,
Till all their chains were broke;—
And yet, in many cities,
And States thy waters lave,
Thou holdest fast the captive,
And grindest down the Slave.

Thy churches tower in greatness,
And in their splendor rise,
And millions hymn the Saviour
Before thy wondering eyes ;
And still though Christ brings freedom,
And rescues from the grave,
Thou canst forget the negro,
And pitiest not the Slave !

Oh, Christians ! Christians ! in that land
Of power, and wealth, and light,
Take care your glory is not quenched,
Your day be changed to night.
Arise—arise—without delay,
While you have time to save,
Break every negro's chain apart,
And cry—"God bless the Slave!"

Aug. 14th, 1841.

PERSEVERE.

BY T. WALLACE.

American abolitionists ; cease not your prayers and vigorous endeavors ; you may, and will have, in the prosecution of your noble efforts, numerous difficulties and trials to realize. Still, heed them not. Persevere in the spirit of energetic and believing prayer, and you must conquer at last. Your cause is that of justice, humanity, benevolence, and religion. Go on, then, with courage and fearlessness ; the God of love is with you ! He will not suffer your efforts to prove abortive.

Petersfield, (Eng.) Aug. 14th, 1841.

SONG OF THE RANSOMED CAPTIVE.

BY MARIA HAZELTON.

I feel it ! I feel it ! I sure can tell,
For over my spirit there comes a spell,
A spell that entrances my very frame,
A spell close linked with Freedom's name.
She came to my ear and whispered peace,
She said to my heart, " thy mourning cease,"
And my soul looked up, though wild with fears,
And poured her thanks in gushing tears.

They told me oft that I should die,
Nor see the hour for which I sigh,
And my spirit sank within my breast
Like a wounded bird that knows no rest.
O gather me not with the dead, I cried,
O lay me not by the valley's side,
Till my soul hath caught a glimpse of thee,
Thou goddess fair of Liberty !

She came ! She came ! and my spirit free
Like an uncaged bird in rapturous glee,

Speeds merrily on each passing day,
While heaven attests my grateful lay !
Count me not maddened,—though thus I sing,
My soul hath drank at Freedom's spring,
And I feel it, I feel it, my very soul
O'erflows with a tide that mocks control !

SYCOPHANCY.

BY DANIEL O'CONNEL, M. P.

For the City of Dublin.

Within that land was many a malecontent
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent ;
That soil full many a cringing despot saw,
Who worked his wantonness in form of law.

London, March 9, 1841.

LIBERTY.

Comely art thou, O Liberty!

BY J. P. BISHOP.

Yes, thou art comely, Liberty ! arrayed
In rich attire, adorned with costly gems,
The gold thy pavement and thy walls of pearl,—
Thy votaries, the great, the proud, the gay ;
E'en then thou'rt comely, and thy radiance shines
All beauteons o'er the splendor and the pomp
That clothe thy person and attend thy state ;
For thou art lovely, so that naught can share
Thy beauty quite, nor all suppress thy charms.
But thou art lovelier when a simple robe
Is girded gently round thee, in thy hand
Some wild flower from the tuneful streamlet's
verge,
And by thy side some true friend with true heart
Guileless and warm, and pure, and unsuborned ;—
Oh ! thou art lovely then, comely and fair
As fabled nymph in some wild bower of wood,
Or Beauty's self with tresses all unbound
And the soft wind's kisses on her dewy cheek.

I love thee, Liberty; thou art my joy.
My song by day, I dream of thee by night.
I love thee; yes—and press thee close, and still
More close I press thee to this answering heart:
For as I gaze upon the world I see
Full many a son of wretchedness and toil
Who never beheld thy face or saw thy smiles
To love thee, or an "unrequited love"
Preys on his spirits as the vultures do
On carcasses of men in battle slain.
How many sighs for thee this day ascend
From yonder cane-fields, or those swamps of rice.
Or where the cotton-gin with ceaseless play
Tells of the unpaid toil and sweat of slaves?
How many from those cities' din, Orleans,
Mobile, and Charleston, or that much loved spot
Bearing the sacred name of Washington,
Where thy own temple (all profaned I know)
Lifts high its dome, and from out-stretching wing
Extends the banner consecrate to thee,
Over auction-blocks where human bones and blood
With swine and goats and rags and musty books.
Go to the highest bidder, and are used
As he may will to use them! Sighs I know
Ascend from lone hearts for their loved ones torn

Away,—sighs all for thee, O Liberty!
There is a mighty breath for thee; it comes
Like the south winds, and on those south winds
 borne,
From vale and nook and plain and river's side,
And uttered by innumerable tongues.

Say, wilt thou visit those lone bosoms, pour
The joy within them, ravish with thy smiles
Each heart, tune every lip to melody?
Go in thy homely garb and plain attire;
No pomp attend thee—Go, in simple mien,
With graces all thy own; unlock those chains
And let the captives rise; unseal those lips
And let the song of Jubilee come forth;
As when old Winter's crystal bands are broke
From ice and mountain snow, and the soft spring
With balmy influence swells the impetuous flood.
Till all the vale is drenched, and the dark sea
Rejoices with the inland tide;—so full,
So broad, impetuous, profound, so rushing forth
To meet the ocean of eternal joy,
So issuing from unnumbered sources, rise,
The general chorus from the tongues of men
New-born to all that has a charm for life,

Renders it useful, or prepares it well
To live again beyond the opening tomb.
A nation in a day created new !
I know it shall be ; and the uprushing sound
Of joy shall wake the heavenly organ then,
And sweet the Anthem swell through all the stops
Unnumbered deep in yonder Milky Way,
Heaven's finger-board of stars, and through the
vast,
Unfathomed, twinkling, trembling sea around !
For when the earth was made, and on its soil
Two human beings only stood, new-formed,
When Music yet was young, and instruments
Were not, the stars beholding sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy ;
A purer, sweeter, higher strain, in tones
More deep, more full, extending over shore
More wide and far, shall sweep along the heavens,
When countless men are jostled from the clods,
And in their hearts far more of pleasure taught
Already how to twine—pleasures of friends,
Of father, brother, son—than Adam knew
When all alone he stood beside his Eve,
That one vine only coiling round his heart.

Creation's highest, noblest work, was man.
That only could awake the heavenly choir.
But, Liberty, thou form'st at once a world
Of men, full grown, with all the springs of life,
And soul attuned to all its notes of love.
Oh! wilt thou hasten to yon pining slaves,
And quickly touch their toil-worn, aching limbs?
Wilt thou unbind those fetters from the heart?
Give those chained spirits wing to fly away,
Like the fledged bird, upon their own free thought?
Restore that husband to the wife's lone bosom?
Yon stolen child to its grief-stricken father?
Mingle those brothers', sisters' joy again?
Return that bride to her own lover's arms?
Bid Sorrow cleanse her face, and Wo look up
All beaming as the morn, and Joy leap forth,
And Pleasure dance, like lambkins in the spring-time?
Come, warble through those dungeon walls thy own
Sweet notes of melody, till every door,
Touched by the strain, turns soft on easy hinges,
And every inmate drinks on thirsty lip
Once more the light of heaven, and travels forth
With thy own joy new rising in his heart.

I do not ask thy pomp, thy gay attire,
Thy train of worshippers, thy wealth, thy fame,—
For these are needless to the simple slave,
So used to toil, nor taught the luxuries
Of pampered life ;—but come in rural dress,
Thy gentle looks soft beaming through the dew
Fall'n in thy long night-watches, in thy heart
All love, in manners all simplicity,
Thy brow begirt with peace, and by thy side
The implements of labor—not uncouth
As slavery wields, but beautiful and light
And polished and refined for the free hand.
Such thou hast come to Britain's island slaves,
To Mexico, and the far distant South ;
Such did'st thou proudly visit his bright land
L'Ouverture, when righteous war had drove
Treacherous Invasion from his island shores ;
Such shalt thou quickly pass to other isles
In that delightful group,—and such, we trust,
Shalt yet revisit this ungrateful land
Of our forefathers, where thou did'st throw off
Light bondage from the white man's shoulders,
bid'st
His heart leap up—that he might nerve it then
With greater strength to crush the negro down.

O turn not from us, for our sins, away,
All guilty though we are, and black with crime ;
But when thou free'st the slave, may we, too, stand
Beside his manly heart, enjoy with him
The precious boon, and with his soul rejoice.

We trust, O Liberty, thy wave-washed foot
Shall be permitted yet to press the soil
Of that all sorrowing land, whose care-worn sons,
Lo ! for a score of weary centuries,
Have nourish'd every soil beneath the stars
With tears, and filled each homeward breeze with
moans ;

Whose own loved vales still echo to the sound
Of the slave hunter's foot-fall, or the chase
Of tribe for brother tribe, urged on by pelf
Of Christian seekers for the souls of men.
Yes ; so it shall be ; for 'tis written well
That Afric yet shall lift her hands to God
All penitent before him, when no more
The deed of blood shall crimson her fair soil,
Or chain be riveted on human limb,
Or man start at a brother's voice, as hares
When hounds pursue. Oh ! thou shalt then be
there,
And thou shalt linger long among those vales

When once thy foot has pressed them, and thy
voice

Sound sweet upon the breeze, untaught till then
To waft a strain melodious as thine.

Such, Liberty, thou art,—all lovely nymph,
All comely in thy person and attire ;
Morn never shone so bright, so fair as thou,
Nor half so welcome to the sons of men.
Give me one kiss from thy warm lips, one
smile,

One token of thy love to me,—that kiss,
That look, that emblem of affection, deep
Shall lie all buried in this heart's warm folds ;
No wealth can buy it, nought of love besides
E'er win it, nought may drive it thence, no wave
Of earthly passions wash it all away.

THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE I.—A CAROLINIAN PLANTATION.

(Characters.)

MALIE, an aged woman,, }
GHESTLER, } her sons,, }
ZONGOLA, } her sons,, }
IOLA, a daughter,, }
CARLOS, a field slave,, }
BANDALOZ, the master.

Ghestler. Come, come dear mother, look ye,
 the joyous

Moon is up, and the old house clock, heedless
 Of our march, shows that the old sentinel
 Who watches vigilantly when night comes
 With its lone weary hours, will tell the tale
 Of our departure,—then, then dear mother,
 All is up with us and, and Iola—
 O God protect her! Iola, she will fall
 A prey to that hyena—Bandaloz.

Malie. Speak yet more gently, Ghestler; for
 I fear
 Your words may fall upon some listening

Ear, and then we may find our miserable
Forms upon yon trees, where others like us
Seeking heaven's boon to enjoy, have been
The gaze of many passers by. O Ghestler,
Much my heart fails me ; but to-night I watched
Yon star, and oft it seemed to talk with me
And bid me hope that in that land where dwells
No vile Bandaloz, I may rest myself
And die in peace.

Ghestler. (*Looking wildly and listening,*)
Depart !—haste, quick, for lo,
Bandaloz comes ! [Exit *Ghestler.*.]

[*MALIE* enters a low cottage where
lies *Iola* just waked from sleep.]

Iola. Mother, I've had sweet dreams
To-night,—methought that we were in that happy
Land of which Ghestler so often tells us, yes,
The land where wakes no Bandaloz to fright
Us evermore. But mother, shall we haste
To-night, or shines the moon too brilliant now ?
Zongola told me yesternight that ere
The midnight hour should come, we'd gather up
Ourselves, and guided by that star in yon
Fair sky, speed us to the northern regions,

Where smiles all that is glorious, aye, all
That is beautiful.

Malie. Yes, yes my daughter,
Ghestler has been here and bids us wait for him
Ere twelve shall strike ; for he says Bandaloz
Will be passing from the revel and you
May then fall a prey to his soul passions,—
And my child, thou know'st I'd rather lay thee
In thy grave quickly, and mourn, aye mourn till
All my heart were gone, than cast thee forth to lead
A life of infamy, howe'er thy beauty
May attract the gaze of those around his board
Who throng, and quaff the wine that turns to fierce
Madness his every thought and look.
Iola, darling child! it is for thee
That I will brave the dangers that attend
A flight from this vile land of servitude.
'Twould not be long ere my poor weary limbs
Would find a grave beneath the sigbing palm,
Should I remain ; but O for thee my heart
Is wakeful ever, and the midnight hour
Finds me upon my knees, beseeching heaven
To compass thee around, to shield thy frail
And delicate form from the touch of aught

That would contaminate, or bid depart
The Holy Spirit from thy trembling soul.
Iola, child,—fear not, you tremble,—strong
Is heaven in the defence of innocence,
Place there thy trust, and guardian angels
Shall encompass thee. But 'tis eleven ;
Soon Ghestler and Zongola will be here,
And we must not detain them, lest a worse
Cup far than death should be dealt to us—Hark !
They come ; take now that parcel on the shelf
And place it close in thy bosom ; O keep
It near thy heart, for it contains a token
Fair of thy own father's love, who sweetly
Sleeps in yon lowly vale, and knows no more
These griefs that throng around.

[Enter *Ghestler and Zongola.*]

Zongola. Come, mother, come,
And dear Iola you will go with me ;
You, mother, with good Ghestler ; for he knows
All the wild woods around us, and his arm
Is strong for you to lean upon. The star shines
Bright which is to guide us to the northern
Skies, and the moon begins to hasten down
Behind the hills. (*Iola weeps.*) Now, now Iola,
shame ;

Why do you weep? You promised yesternight
That you'd be strong and mind me all the way,
And then you know I promised sacredly,
To help you every hour, to carry
You when weary. Come now, and do not fear.

Iola. Well, Zongola, I do know I promised
You 'neath the shade of the old palm which bears
Its lofty head close by the clustering
Vines that I've so often tended, that fear
Should not be found within my heart so long
As God should strengthen me; but mother tells
Me of the dreadful doom that may await
Us should we be discovered, and my heart
Does shake most fearfully! Yet I forbear.
'Tis not that for a moment I would dwell
Longer beneath this cot, but then the tears
Will come gushing from my eyes, unbidden,
When I think of—(*She pauses.*)

Zongola. Yes, yes, I see, I know,
When you remember Carlos; but I saw
Him ere the sun was low, and he bade me
Say farewell for him, and that soon he'd meet
You by those northern streams whither we hasten.

Mrs. Eugenia. O, Zougoia did he say then?

Surely.

I had not thought that he were free from those
Heavy chains that clinked about his heel when
he—

I passed over him from the door as he pass'd
By. I did not dare to cast one farewell
Glance, although my heart were nigh to breaking;
For Bernardo was near, and though he spoke
No words concerning Carlo, yet methought
He looked searchingly, as if he'd know why
I pressed my side so feebly, for much
I trembled, lest he'd hear my heart's throbings;
I forced a smile, though I had well nigh faint'd—
But now I say—I will be strong, brother.
I will be strong.

Zougoia. Do so, Ida dear.

Gessler. Coming towards them. Hush,
children.—base, it is no time to talk
Of news; soon the revel will be ended.
And then Bernardo, like a mad lemon,
Will be here to snare from us Ida!
This is the night he swore he'd make her his;
And then no more shall we behold her form

Gleaming among us; and her voice, sweeter
 Than music from the rich harp that's played
 Within the hall, be lost to us forever.
 But never shall be scratch that lamb away
 From the embrace of Ghesder. No, never;
 For I vowed when last I saw his cursed
 Hand smoothing her flowing hair, that never
 Should he see her more, save we were lying
 In one common grave. Come, dear mother,
 come:

Do let us pass, and bid adieu, a last
 Adieu to this vile sod.

[They all pass out.]

SCENE II.—THE WOODS—MEETING.

Zerelia. Look, mother, look, Ida sleeps;
 gently

I look upon those lids so gently closed;
 For well I know her tender feet
 Are even now full weary of the way;
 But when again we journey, I shall take
 Her in my arms, and I know that Ghesder
 Will be kind to you and ease you onward.
 How I love to look upon her as she

Breathes so gently:—now she sighs, poor thing !
No doubt her womanish heart is shaken
By sad dreams, the fear that we may never
Reach that stream which, crossed, will give us
Freedom.

Malie. No doubt, my boy, 'tis so, or else she
fears
The touch of Bandaloz; for daily did
She weep, lest he might come perchance by night,
While sleep dwelt heavy on me, and command
Her to depart and dwell with him. Often
When midnight frowned around us, hath she cried
In dreamy agony, O save me, mother,
For he comes, he comes ! but heaven protect
Her now, nor e'er permit her innocence
To pass away.

Ghestler. You must be faint, my mother,
A weary way we've come since twelve tolled
On the air;—let us break our fast; see, here
Is bread and a few berries that I've gathered
While you slept for a short hour after our
Journey. (*Ghestler waiting.*) You do not speak,
my mother; are
You sick ?

Malie. No, no, my son, but heaven hath
Dealt most kindly with us. Shall we not give
Thanks ere we partake its bounties?

Ghestler. (*Looking thoughtful.*) Give thanks
Then, mother, if you will; but truly when
I've stood beside my master's board—(*he stops*)
—no, not

My master's, but Bandaloz's board, and heard
Mutter'd those words of grace, I've wondered
much

If there were any God, or, if a God, where
Dwelt he, or, if he lived, were he aware
Of the affairs of men? Is he righteous,
Mother? if so, how reconcile you all
Of deep, dark, damning sin that hath been wit-
nessed

By the gazing heavens upon that curs'd
Plantation we have left? If God be just
And merciful, as you have often told,
Methinks Bandaloz would less often crave
His supervision!

Malie. Ghestler, not all who cry
Lord, Lord, shall enter heaven; many will

Claim affinity with him, to whom he'll
Say, Depart, I know you not. That goodness
Is his nature; that his mercy and his love
Unbounded flow, my heart attests. Ghestler,
Cast off that vile suspicion of his justice.
I know thy path hath been with perils rife,
I know the bitter draughts, the scourgings vile,
And all the woes strewed thick within thy path;
Yet hath he not been merciful to thee?
Forgettest thou the hour they sold thy brother
To a Georgian lord, and thou, my boy,
Wast left by my entreaty? Then thou did'st
thank

Heaven, and bore witness to the kindness
Of his heart who heard my deep lamenting,
And granted thee to sojourn near my shed!
O Ghestler, he *is merciful*, and much
It pains my heart when my boy dares question
His o'erflowing love.

Ghestler. I would not pain thee,
That thou knowest well, my mother; I would
To heaven that I could even now, shake
Off each vestige of that unbelief clinging
To my torn heart. But let us eat, only

Give us the blessing, mother. Zongola
Come, and let Iola rest. Now we are
Ready. (*They give thanks and eat.*)

Iola. (*Waking and looking round.*) Ghestler,
Shall we not hasten? how the sun
Pours down its rays,—the birds are out again,
And O, I long to be fast hastening
To that land where the sun of Freedom shines
With mild, sweet beams,—Come, Ghestler, may
we now
Proceed?

Ghestler. We may not travel by the light
Of day.

Iola. What, are we to remain till night
Fall on us with its dim and sable hue?

Ghestler. Yes, we must venture forth only
when night
Shall cover us, and our guide appear.

Iola. But, brother, much I fear we may not
reach
Where all is free, if we thus linger here.

Zongola. Iola, Ghestler sure can tell when best
It suits our safety; besides, Carlos hath
Told us 'twere best to wait the guidance
Of the star in the night heavens, than trust
To the poor knowledge of which we are masters.

Iola. Yes, now I do remember what he said;
But yet my eye so longs to view that land;
My heart so leaps, e'en at the thought of *rest*,
(That other name for Freedom) that I would
Hasten night and day, nor tire till touching
That good shore. Now I bethink me, surely
Carlos said he had not been detected
In his flight had he but waited night-fall.
We must, then, now take warning, lest perchance
Our wanderings be discovered. I'm sure
I'd rather die here in these lonely woods,
Where the cool winds sighing their endless tale,
Might tell that poor Iola fled, and laid
Her 'neath their kindly shade. Yes, sooner would
I die, than fall again into the hands
Of Bandaloz; for though he often said
That you, dear mother, should not want for bread,
Nor e'er be sold to labor for another,
(Because of me,) I did not much believe;

For well I knew he loved the cursed gold
That's found in Georgian hands, and waited
Only for a timely hour to cast you
Forth, to die in lonesome wretchedness !

Malie. 'Tis true, Iola, true, my darling child ;
He only waited for a favored hour
To part us. Then no more should I hear those
Words of cheer from that bless'd book, which oft
hath

Been my only solace. You, Iola,
He permitted to gain knowledge—knowledge,
Which to me, and to your brother, he denied ;—
You have read from out these holy leaves, words
That have wiped the gathering tears away—
And given such comfort to my stricken soul,
As I believe none but the Holy One
Could grant. Had'st thou departed, gone then
were

Every hope from this poor heart. But yet thou
Liv'st to bless me, child; and though thy beauty
May attract the gaze of some, to me thy
Chief attraction is that filial love, that
Deep hatred of whate'er contaminates,
Taught by the blessed lips of him who bore

Our sins on Calvary's hill. 'Tis this, dear Child, I trust, that hath giv'n strength, purpose Of soul to thee, and taught thy every thought To rise to Him who watches o'er thy path, Who though unseen, will guide thee to that shore Where Freedom smiles. Keep thou this

book, (*Giving her the Bible,*) 'twill teach Thee more of heaven than yet thou know'st. Could I but read its sacred lines, how blest My soul. But soon I trust I shall behold All that is there revealed of those bright walls And mansions, fitted up for the abode Of souls who trust in Christ.

Iola. Mother, I trust
You will live many years, to eat the bread
And drink the cup of Freedom. Others who
Left the sultry South, with more of hoary
Age upon them, have sought and found with joy
That goodly land.

Ghestler. (*Rising suddenly and listening.*)
Iola, hush! hark!
Sure amid the brush I hear strange trampling.
Save us, O God! they come! Crouch, Zongola.

Iola, breathe not, lest we die.—Heaven,
High heaven be praised, they've passed and we
Have not been seen. I saw Bandaloz foremost
In the chase, and Carlos too was there.

Iola. What!

Carlos with him? How this? You do amaze
Me,—Ghestler, it could not be!

Ghestler. 'Tis even thus,

Iola. Others too were there. Perchance
They took him, hoping to obtain some track
Of the wild haunts through which he journeyed
When *he* sought to fly from their oppressions.

Iola. But. Ghestler, think you he would betray
us,

Should he chance to pass us?

Ghestler. I know not, dear

Iola. But do not fear, for they will
Not pass this way as they return. Three moons
Ago, poor Carlos fled, and when the hounds were
With us, they lost track of him; and, passing
O'er the river, we returned again.
So will they do, if I judge rightly, now.

But let us further go into the woods,
Where we may lie concealed till the dark night
O'ertake us—then will we hasten onward.

Malie. Do, do, dear Ghestler; for my heart
well nigh

Had ceased its throbings, when your words of
praise

Came to my low crouched ear. Sure it was meet,
My first-born, that your lips should pour forth
Praise to Him whose hand hath been a darkening
Cloud before the eyes of our pursuers.

What think you now, my Ghestler, of his
Mercy? Dare you farther question his kind
Hand, displayed for our deliverance?

Ghestler. Enough,
My mother, 'twas his love, his kindness all,
That turned their feet from this our resting place;
And never shall my lips forget their song,
Or my heart fail to offer unto Him,
Its homage reverent. But we must haste,
And seek a shelter in the forest woods.

SCENE III.—A CAVE IN A DESERT FOREST.

Ghestler. (*Aside to Zongola.*) Zongola, very
much I fear that this
Our toilsome way will fatal prove to our
Good mother. Her hands are fevered, and her
Brow is throbbing far too quick, for ought save
Raging fever. She hardly spake the night
Past; and the way to me seemed far more drear,
Because she breathed no prayer—audible.
I mean; for though I think not much of prayer,
A kind of feeling cometh over me
When the name of Jesus is pronounced, which
To be honest now, I feel no other time.

Zongola. Ah, yes, I too have watched her
for three days
More closely than before; and though I sought
To hide it from Lola, yes, and e'en
Myself, I could but think that she were fast
Weakening. When I spoke to her, she answered
But in feeble tones, and in her words
There seemed less of that ardor than was wont
To bless our ears. Oh, should she not survive,

Gessler. How should we comfort Loïa?
Sure she would wither like a tender plant
Snapped from the stem that gave it nourishment.
But, Gessler, it may be only weariness;
Can we not rest awhile and nourish her?
A stream is near at hand. I'll hasten and bring
Fresh water to banish her limbs, and to refresh
Her spirit.

Gessler. Do it, but much I fear 'twill
All be vain. This is the seventh night the stars
Have seen us wandering forth in silence.
When I carried her within these willing arms
The night that's died, she wept, but spoke no
word.
I feared to ask the cause, lest she should say
What my heart dreaded. She clasped her with
ard
Arms around my neck, and wept profusely.
Bitter and dreary were the hours that passed.
But yet she lives; and O, heaven grant she
May not die, but live to be our comfort in the
Longed-for land in which we hasten.

"Exit Zangwil."

Bil. Mother, are
 You awake? (*answering herself.*) No, no, she
 sleeps. Chester, look!
 How parched and fevered are her lips; I fear
 She is too weary with the tedious paths
 Through which we've traversed, though full well
 I know.

You've carried her quite oft, and bore her through
 The tangled swamps, and worried oftentimes
 That she might gain a little rest. But—peace
 Upon her rest! Perhaps sleep will refresh
 Her spirit, and bring back her strength.

Chesler. (*To himself.*) Poor thing, her
 hopes, I fear, are idle dreams.

(*Zouga's answer.*)

Zouga. How is our mother? has she not
 waked?

I feared she would be thirsty ere I found
 This shell in which to bring her drink. Here are
 Some berries, which perchance may strengthen
 her;

5
5

For sparingly hath food been given since
Yesternight.

5

Iola. Dear mother, wake; for Zongola
Hath brought you cooling drink, and berries fresh
From the trees.

6

Malie. I see, my daughter. Ghestler,
Raise me up, for I feel but poorly. Why!
Is it morning? or what time? I surely
Have been sleeping far too long—shall we haste?
I see the moon,—Ghestler, is it time?

Ghestler. No,
Mother, morn will soon be here; but we'll rest
Ourselves till night shall find us. You were ill;
And much we feared for you, lest overcome
With weariness and the cold, chill night damps,
You might find a grave within this dark
And lonely forest.

Malie. Thank you, kind Ghestler;
For I now remember that my poor heart
Had the same fear, as sorrowful I laid
Myself to rest upon these gathered leaves.

Again hath heaven been kind, to guide our
Footsteps to this shelter.

Iola. Yes, mother, true—
Heaven hath been kind to us; but now, eat
I pray you, and refresh yourself.

Zongola. (*Aside.*) She looks
Much better, Ghestler, and I hope she will
Recover, so that we may soon pursue
Our route. *Iola* will do well, for she
Hath travelled far, though she could scarce for-
bear

To weep, as her feet bled profusely. Poor
Child, how my *heart* bled for her, as she wiped
The tears from her bright sparkling eyes,
And tried to smile. I kissed her, but my heart
Forbade the utterance of a word, lest
I should weaken the strong purpose displayed
In her more than earthly face, as she threw
Back her long dark hair, and called upon high
Heaven for further strength. O, Ghestler, much
I wish we had the faith treasured within
Her breast. It surely does support the soul
Amid severest trial.

Ghestler. Yes, perhaps,
'Tis heaven supports her—for far too frail
Were she, to brave the storm we've passed, and
those

Chill night winds. But let us go and see
If mother will not come and breathe the fresh
Sweet air, beneath this tree; perhaps it were
Not well, that she should longer lie within
The cave.

SCENE IV.—MALIE AND IOLA, SEATED BENEATH THE
SHADE OF A TREE NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE
CAVE.

Iola. How gloriously the sun shines over
The hills. Mother, does not the gentle breeze
Refresh you. O 'tis pleasant here, and were
We but escaped quite out of this vile land,
How would I sing. How long before our feet
Shall tread that fair green spot where Freedom
lives,
Sweet mother?

Malie. I know not, daughter, but trust
In heaven 'twill not be long. *Ghestler* can

Tell perhaps how near we are to that bright
Shore. I trust that I shall reach it; though oft
My heart has failed since we left the dwelling
Where my poor heart hath felt so much of ill,
And bitter grief.

Iola. O yes, dear mother, heaven
Will hear our prayers; and though kind Ghestler
Says he does not much believe in Him whom
Our hearts love, yet when we are delivered,
I know he can but feel that God is good,
And that his care hath brought us to that shore.

Malie. Yes, yes, I trust he may be taught,
though late,
That love divine appointed e'en his lot.
True, sorrow hath been his, as well as mine.
He would not be subdued,—'twas this that caused
Bandaloz to deal thus roughly with him:
If he but learn of Christ, my heart will cease
Its throbings with sweet peace.

[*Ghestler and Zongola come to the
cave, bringing Carlos with them.*]

Iola. O, Carlos! What!
Oh! mother, do we dream? Say, say, and can

It be?—tell us, O tell us, how came you
Thus to find our resting place?

Zongola. Yes, 'tis Carlos, Iola, he hath come
Ere we have reached the spot whither the star
That guides us, rests itself. We found him 'neath
A tree, as we sought to gather something
For yourself and mother to partake. Look,
Iola, 'tis he himself!

Malie. Heaven bath
Sent him hither; but how changed.

Ghestler. Yes, he is changed, but he shall tell
us, how
He hath escaped.

Carlos. Yes, Iola, I'm here,
Here to go with you to that happy spot
Which we've so often longed for; and for which
Our nights are turned to day, our day to night.
But I must tell you how at last I 'scaped.

Ghestler. Yes, do, we wait to hear, for oft we
spoke
Of you. Did you not pass us ere that fearful
Storm o'ertook us in those woods where we lay
Concealed?

Carlos. Yes, and I saw you; but I goaded
On my beast, and passed you, trembling lest those
Who hunted with me should discover you.

Iola. How took they you to seek us?

Carlos. 'Tis not strange
You wonder at their course. But I will tell
You all. They charged upon me your departure;
They bade me pass forest and glade,
O'er which *I* traversed, when I ventured forth
To seek that shore to which we now, all haste.
High hopes were theirs, that they would overtake
You in the woods; but ha! they failed. Joyous
Then, I turned my steps to the poor rice swamp;
Thanking kind heaven that you were safe; resolved
To gird me once again, and strike for freedom.

Zongola. How, then, are you thus far?

Carlos. Aye! truly, will
I tell you the escape. That very night
I fled and journeyed; but alas! three days
Had not elapsed, ere I was captured, bound,
And cast bleeding with wounds, within the walls
Of the old prison house. Again I called

On heaven. My heart kept hoping ever;
Though I saw no power could help, save His
Whose hand, wondrous in working, evermore
Succor affords, to those who pour their souls
In prayer.

Iola. How wonderful that you are here!
Is it not thrice that you have been detected?

Carlos. Yes, thrice, ere last they cast my
weary limbs
Into that loathsome den.

Iola. Yes; now then, tell
Us how deliverance came to your sad heart.

Carlos. Well, as I told you; bleeding, torn,
oppressed
As with a millstone on my aching heart,
I sank upon the floor. Lifting my soul
To heav'n, I prayed for help; nor was that prayer
In vain. A storm arose,—the heavens were
Red with lightnings. Thunders uttered loud
their
Awful voice; as though the earth and arching
Sky would meet in dire commotion. Casting

My eycs around the dismal cell, they fell
Upon this weapon. (*Holding up an axe.*)
Quick as the lightning,
Visions of freedom passed before my mind !
Fair fields regained and forests dark traversed,
No more to be recrossed. Forward I sprang,
Loosing my fretted heel from the vile chain;
And watching where to strike, as the
Lightning played around. Then, when deep
thunder,
Poured its notes upon the air, I struck ! once !—
Twice !—again !—and lo ! the door unclosed.
I sallied forth, all breathless, tremblingly
Feeble, through excess of joy. The clouds
poured
Forth their stores in floods, and the forked light-
nings
Were my guide; till, all o'ercome, I cast myself
Beneath a sheltering tree, and knew not aught
Of joy, or grief, till the sun rose high o'er
Each vale and hill. Forward I've hasted since;
And now how good to look upon you once
Again, and hope that we may soon be found
Upon that shore, for love of which we've perilled
All.

Ghestler. How my heart leaps at thought of
your escape,
And at the loss of Bandaloz. Methinks
He'll sleep, less easily now we have fled.
He thought to prey upon Iola.

Carlos. Bless
You, for all your love and care for her,
My Ghestler. Heaven will due recompense
Afford thee; and thy heart, I trust, will soon
Pour out its thanks to heaven, beside
Those streams, in which we long to bathe our-
selves.

Ghestler. Mother, if all is well, we'll hasten
forth
To-night, for Carlos now will give us aid,
And you will not be weary. With his help,
We soon shall reach where liberty is known;
Where Bandaloz no more, with angry glance,
Calls us to labor, and to unpaid toil.

Malie. The sight of Carlos, and this fresh-
ing breeze,
Hath much refreshed me; and unwaveringly
My heart is fixed in confidence, that heaven

Will bring us to our rest. Ghestler, I wait
Only the word. Iola's heart is glad;
And well she may rejoice at sight of him
Whom she had left behind, whom she had
mourned

As one who might no more be seen on earth.
Oh heaven be praised for all its love to these
My children.

SCENE V.—A COTTAGE ON THE BANK OF A RIVER IN
CANADA.

Iola. Oh ! mother, are we here ? Here, where
we breathe
The blessed air of Liberty, so sweet,
So passing sweet to our torn hearts ? I gaze
Upon this sparkling tide, hour after hour,—
Till my eyes fail me, all o'ercharged with tears.
I cast them upward to the smiling heaven,
All radiant with beauty, and I read,
Nothing but Freedom, Liberty, yea, Life !
Is it not worth the toilsome way we've trod,
To breathe this air ? to feel this rest of soul ?
And know that ne'er again shall we behold
The scourge, or chain, or hear the fearful voice
Of Bandaloz ?

Malie. Yes, daughter, it is sweet
To feel no terror creeping o'er our souls ;
To know that we have nought of ill to fear,
From those who late oppressed us ; to cherish
The bless'd hope of dying free; of laying
Our poor weary limbs upon the spot where
Dwells no base oppressor ; this is worth all
Of toil and want encountered in the woods,
And dreary forests. I shall die happy
Now, knowing that He who guided our frail
Steps to this glad shore, will watch and bless you
With a Father's tenderness.

[Enter *Ghestler, Zongola and Carlos.*]

Zongola. Well, mother,
And Iola, how like you this our land ?

Carlos. So you count this *your* land, Zon-
gola, ha !

How think you this would fall upon the ear
Of Bandaloz ! Would he not curse heaven
That e'er the star in the night sky, should point
To this bright spot of earth, and guide our feet
To Freedom's soil ?

Zongola. (*Laughing.*) Yes, yes, no doubt
he would;

But now, 'tis all in vain! Methinks howe'er
His memory may fail, he will not *soon*
Forget the night that gave *you* liberty.

Iola. Nor shall we, Zongola.

Zongola. Well said, Iola.

Doubtless 'tis treasured in your heart with more
Of grateful love, than aught beside.

Ghestler. But come,
Good mother, and Iola, let us know
How you have passed the hours, since morn
arose?

Malie. All happy, Ghestler. God hath filled
our cup
With choicest gifts. We have been praising
heaven
For all its love to us while journeying
Through the wilderness; and oft we breathe
The prayer that you, my son, may yet believe
In Him who comforteth the sorrowing
Of earth, and bids them joy in hope of heavenly
Rest.

Iola. Yes, Ghestler will, I know, remember
All his love, and pour his soul an offering
Unto heaven!

Carlos. So it shall be, Iola.

Zongola. Amen! Then shall we be that
family
Which nought may sever.

Malie. Nought, my sweet children.
Already do I feel, that he who gave
Me all of love and pleasure I possess,
Will guide us to one home,—one joyous, bright,
Yea, everlasting rest.



THE REFUGEE MOTHER IN CANADA

BY SARAH DYMOND.

Victoria! Oh Victoria,
Queen of the brave and free!
We come from the land of scourge and chain,
And tell our griefs to thee;
Through many a dark and dreary wild,
With beating hearts we come,
And here, beneath thy gentle sway,
We find a quiet home.

Oh! thou hast riven *thy* bondmen's chain,
Hast set *thy* captives free;
And thou dost still a home provide
For the wandering refugee;
For though a crown adorns thy brow,
Thy heroes all are brave,
Thou carest still for the poor and wrong'd,
Thou pitiest still the slave.

Then hear, thou royal lady, hear
The tale of the refugee;

Look on thy own young child, and list
With patient ear to me:
I am a mother too,—my heart,
Like thine, with love o'erflows;
Thou know'st a mother's joys, but *I*
Only a mother's woes.

Beneath a bright Virginian sky,
My precious babe was born;
Her father ne'er embraced his child,
For, on that fatal morn,
An Alabamian dealer came,
And culled from the doom'd band
The father of my babe, and bore
Him to that heav'n cursed land.

Oh! as I mourned my husband long,
No joy my hours beguiled;
I knew I ne'er should see him more,
Nor he his new-born child.
I did not know, as day by day,
I wept his doom,—so soon
As one brief year had wheeled its course,
His fate should mark my own.

The trader came his annual round,—
I held my first-born child;
And as I clasped it to my breast,
The unconscious infant smiled:
His choice was made; but as he came
The price of blood to pay,
Me, weeping sore, he took, but gave
My darling babe away.

Then, in that moment's agony,
I seized my child and fled,
And in a neighboring forest dark,
I laid my aching head.
I rose,—and by the moon's bless'd light,
With breathless haste I ran;
Each rustling leaf seemed the blood-hound's step,
Each tree, a mounted man.

The God I loved, preserved me then
Through many a weary day;
And many a night, with toilsome step,
I held my quiet way.
Once as I lay beneath a shade,
Concealed from passers by,
I listened with deep fear, and heard
Some steps approaching nigh.

And near, and nearer still they came—
I had no power to flee—
I laid my babe beneath the bush,
And bent upon my knee;
I told my woes and fears to Him
Who hears the negro's prayer,
And in that last extremity,
He saved me from despair.

The white man came,—Oh, with what fear
I gazed upon his face!
But only kindness there, did I
With anxious vision trace.
Who has not heard of *Fuller's* name,
Friend of the refugee?
He came with fostering care to save
My darling babe and me.

O, then, I had a joyful road—
He took my child and me;
He bore us to his own fair home,
Home of the refugee;
Beneath his hospitable roof
We spent one happy day,
The next all clad, and guarded well,
He sent us on our way.

And here we are, Victoria !
As free as thought can be ;
May we be thy peculiar care—
And every refugee.
We will be loyal to thy crown,
We'll pray for thee and thine,—
And wilt thou teach our darkened minds
To know the will Divine ?

MARY S. PARKER.

There are few persons, who have been for any length of time interested in the cause of the oppressed Slave, who were not more or less acquainted with the individual whose name stands at the head of this article. Numerous are the testimonials that have reached us in relation to her since her decease. Of her devotion to the cause of the slave, and her deep interest in the various benevolent operations of the present day, thousands are witnesses. She was indeed *justly* esteemed and loved by all who had the privilege of an acquaintance with her. Some months before her death, she left Boston, and became deeply interested in the cause of Moral Reform, and labored in connection with the American Moral Reform Society. The following extract from the "Advocate of Moral Reform," cannot fail to interest the friends of the cause.

Few "knew thee but to love thee,
Or named thee but to praise."

Truly may it be said "Death loves a shining mark." He has taken a devoted and useful

Christian from a promising field of labor, into which she had just entered, with high hopes and expectations of success, and a loved and valued sister from a circle of relatives and friends who can never cease to deplore her loss.

Our own personal acquaintance with Miss P., though comparatively brief, was peculiarly intimate and endearing. We had long known and admired her character as an untiring and energetic laborer in another department of the vineyard—but it was not until she came among us as a member of the Visiting Committee of this Society, that we knew how justly she was entitled to the respect and confidence awarded her by the community. Her character was a rare compound of feeling and judgment—of retiring delicacy and Christian faithfulness—of sweet humility, and heroic boldness in defending the cause of truth—of feminine reserve, and unconquerable energy and perseverance. She entered into the work of “home missions” in this city with her characteristic zeal, and prosecuted it for several months, though even then suffering under the incipient stages of the disease which carried her to the grave.

She was a wise and prudent counsellor, accustomed to take enlarged and far-reaching views, and fearless of consequences when once the *right* was ascertained.

In private life, our departed sister shone with uncommon lustre. "In her lips was the law of kindness," and the heart of those favored with her friendship, safely trusted in her. Her gentle and unassuming deportment won for her the esteem and affection which were increased and strengthened by farther acquaintance with her numerous virtues. But her crowning excellence was consistent, devoted piety. At all times, in all places and situations, she was a *Christian*—not in name only, but in deed and in truth. Her religion was eminently practical, and led her constantly to inquire what the Saviour who died for her, would have her to do in his cause. When once the path of duty was ascertained, no trials or discouragements caused her to waver or turn aside. Her example of patient endurance and perseverance in well-doing, under reproach and obloquy, is a precious legacy to all who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, in any portion of the field.

We mourn for the loss sustained by the church and the world in this dispensation, but we rejoice that another combatant is crowned victor, and has ascended to her Father and our Father—to her God, and our God. May we all be followers of them, that through faith and patience are inheriting the promises, that in due time we also may share their glorious reward !

—

STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING OF THE DEATH OF MARY
S. PARKER.

“The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.”

BY M. V. B.

They tell me, sister, that thou hast fled
To the land, where the silvery tide
Is rolling fresh from the crystal bed,
Where the pride of the Lamb abide !
They say that never again may we hear
Thy voice, so gentle and sweet—
That thine eye with a radiance all its own,
No more our own shall greet.

They say that thou dwellest where breezes soft
Fan the good and the loved of earth,
Where the curse of the Lord is forever removed
And day hath an endless birth.

They say that thy robes are snowy white,
All washed in the blood of the Slain,
Like those the Beloved of the Saviour saw
While banished on Patmos' plain.

They say that before the azure throne,
Thou bendest a seraph now;
That the Lamb with the light of his radiant face
Hath chased from thy lovely brow,
Each sorrow and care,—and bade thee weep
No more, while eternity rolls
Its endless tide from his own pure throne,
Or heaven its beauty unfolds !

They say that thou wavest a fadeless palm,
And a harp from whose golden string,
Flows music, far sweeter than David poured
In the halls of the envious king.

Yes, yes, thou hast fled, and we joy to know
That thine eye, oft dimmed with tears,
Will never again commingle with ours
In this shadowy vale of fears.

We gaze on the bright and *martyr path*,
Thy spirit hath trod with haste ;
On the toilsome hours for the bondman passed,
Who pines in Slavery's waste.
Thy name, with the holiest loves we own,
Entwined shall be,—nor ever,
Till we walk those azure depths with thee,
Shall our inmost spirits sever !

LETTER FROM THOMAS CLARKSON.

The following letter has been received by the Society, from the venerable Thomas Clarkson. Knowing that many would feel it a privilege to peruse his words, we insert a large portion of the same.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—

Your letter gave me great pleasure, when I learnt from it that your Committee “*was pressing onwards* in the cause of the helpless captive.” Now is the time (when the feeling for his wretched situation is so generally spread abroad,) *for all* to make one grand effort for his deliverance.

I feel myself obliged to your Committee for the interest they take in my life, and for their earnest prayers for the continuance of it. Alas! I am sorry to say, that if your prayers are even successful, I could *now* be but of little further use to the sacred cause. *My day*, as it relates to work, is *now over*. I am in the *eighty-second* year of my age. My nervous system is shattered to pieces, and I am besides encom-

passed with infirmities which belong to our nature in advanced years. I cannot therefore repine at the common lot of humanity, but am thankful, truly thankful to God, for having spared my life so long as to see the whole civilized world taking up our cause, and your own and other Societies in the United States, laboring for the same great object. Indeed from what I have already seen, and from what I now see, I shall depart this life with the full belief, that our great cause is *now* in the hands of God himself to *perfect* it, either in mercy or in judgment, and that he has willed that this “abomination of desolation” should cease even in our days, and that the work already begun is *now in progress*; but, my dear friends, let us not relax in our exertions on that account. The Almighty makes use of human agency to accomplish his will, and let us glory in being his agents.

I wrote lately a letter to the clergy of the Southern States, which is to be re-printed in America, and which is now probably in your hands. It is the last work I can ever undertake. I have therefore poured into it *my whole soul*, as far as feeble years would permit.

You must excuse some blunders in this letter,
as I am *nearly blind*, and cannot see always
where I direct my pen.

I am, my dear friend, with affectionate remem-
brance to the Females of your Committee,

Yours truly,

THOMAS CLARKSON.

Playford Hall, near Ipswich, Suffolk, July 7, 1841.

THE FUGITIVE'S WELCOME.

BY MRS. J. M. POND.

O say, weary one, dost thou flee from the land
Oppression has rendered so drear?
Hast thou severed thyself from the family band,
From the wife of thy bosom most dear?

The Saviour has watched o'er thy perilous way,
His hand hath conducted thee on,—
And now in his name, we would cordially say,
As a brother, we welcome thee home.

There is joy in our midst, for the soul that is sad;
Here are friends that would rescue and save;—
And words of sweet comfort, and smiles that
make glad
The heart of the sorrowful slave.

Dost thou sigh for thy loved one, left cheerless
and lone,
And weep that she cannot be free?
The low winds of evening shall whisper thy moan,
And waft her a message from thee.

Bid them tell her that light is beginning to dawn,
That a day of redemption is *near!*
For e'en from the "bar," to the nurs'ry maid's
 song,
The claims of the Captive we hear.

An Adams, a Slade, and a Morris can plead
The cause of the poor and oppress'd;
And the music that comes from the Isles of the
 freed,
Is breaking the slaveholder's rest.

"The Lord is not slack"—he will visit this land !
Is he not, even *now* on his way ?
His angels are clad, and in readiness stand,
His fearful commands to obey.

"O God, to whom vengeance belongeth," forbear !
Speak the word—and oppression shall cease ;
Let our nation be changed in answer to prayer,
To a nation of freedom and peace.

The following articles are from the hearts of *little English children*, forwarded us by the kindness of one of our Transatlantic correspondents. We say from the *hearts*, for childhood itself feels that *mind* is free, and that he who attempts to enslave another, commits a sin against God and humanity. With one word of alteration, we exclaim in the language of another, "The offerings of a child are sweeter than the incense of Persia proffered to the sun;—yea, more delicious than odors wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales."

MIND IS FREE.

BY E. B.

Armed in freedom's noble cause,
The heart escapes proud tyrant's laws,
Nor can frail earthly fetters bind
By cruel force the noble mind.
A winged soul doth chains defy,
And find its anchor sure on high;
Religion gives the Captive scope
'Mid galling chains to find his *hope*,
And with oppression's iron rod,
May find sweet refuge in his God.

COMPASSION.

BY A LITTLE GIRL ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

“ Slavery is a bitter draught,”
With care and sorrow it is fraught,
Though slavery brings sorrow to the mind,
Yet the slave “ refuge in his God” may find.

He loves as well as white men do,
His nation and his country too ;
The slave has mind unlike a brute,
Then cultivate kind nature’s fruit.”

THE SLAVE AUCTION.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

"For sale, slaves, horses, and other cattle."—*Southern Advertisement.*

"Also, a LIBRARY of a miscellaneous character, chiefly THEOLOGICAL.

27 NEGROES,

Some of them very prime, two mules, one horse, and an old wagon."—*Advertisement of the Estate of the late RICHARD FURMAN, D. D., of S. C.*

"Also, a young mother, with a lot of fine children."

Passim.

The shambles are all set around, and now the slaves are brought

From groaning market fastnesses, into the open court.

Rap! rap! rap! rap! the hammer goes, and hark! the auctioneer

Rings out his call for customers, in accents strong and clear:

"Come, walk up, gentlemen! and see what bargains I have got—

Walk up this way and look at them ; they are a glorious lot ! ”

And now they lead them to the stands, before the rabble crowd,

The mother’s head hung down in tears, the children crying loud.

Up step the buyers, merrily, to gaze upon them there,

And ever and anon a laugh breaks on the mourning air.

In every part they mark the lot, to catch defective points,

And some seize hold with iron grasps, and press the yielding joints ;

The form—the eye—the step—the voice—are gauged and measured all,

And now again the salesman sounds his loud and heartless call :

“ Walk up ! walk up ! who bids ? how much ?
Come, start me at them, now ! ”

And as he spoke, a fiendish smile lit up his sallow brow.

“ They’re going ! going ! cheap as dogs : who bids for them ? how much ?

Of all the thousand lots I’ve sold, I never offered such !

THE SLAVE AUCTION.

Come, going ! going ! gentlemen : Hey ! ‘Beauty’
stand up here,
And let us take a look of you, and your pretty
little dear !”

Forth from the throng the mother stepped, her
infant in her arms,

A woman white as he who sold—a double slave
in charms :—

“ How much for these ? who bids ? how much ?
five hundred dollars, say ?

Three thousand would not buy them, were not
sheriffs here to-day !

Six hundred : that is right, good sir ! too cheap at
that by half !

Seven ! eight ! nine ! ten ! ah ! that’s the word !
It makes my hammer laugh !

A thousand dollars for the two—and well may I
say two—

They’re worth two thousand—every cent—or
they’re not worth a *sous*.

One thousand dollars ! going ! quick ! can’t dwell !
speak quick ! and ten !

And ten !—and twenty ! that’s it gents ! you talk
it up like men !

Can't wait! who bids? how much? speak quick!
and twenty-five! no more?

Why! fifteen hundred is my price, and not a
farthing lower!

Look at that woman! See that child!—and thirty!
—thirty-five!

She is as sound as beautiful—and both of them
will thrive!

Come, gents! they're going! going! quick!—and
forty—that is well!

Pshaw! I can't think for such a price so fine a
pair to sell!

And forty-five!—and fifty!—going!—going!—
GONE!

Who is the buyer? Ah! I see: each deer should
have his fawn!"

Just then the former owner passed, with slow and
pompous pace,

And as he came, the mother raised the infant to
his face;

As still he strutted on in front, with step of
power and pride,

With look and voice of scorn and grief the blushing
woman cried:

"There's one thing more, my master, that has
not yet been known—

*The children you have sold with me, are all of
them your own!"*

LINES TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

BY L. M. BALL.

Humanity, thou hast a name
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame,
A name that ne'er shall pass away,
Though earth with all its thrones decay.
Say, reader, would'st thou scan that name ?
Cast o'er the wave to yonder fane,
Thine eye,—where all in living light
Is seen a form, whose locks, though white
With age, yet from whose beaming eye
Shines forth that fire which ne'er will die.
Though suns and planets disappear,
All shall admire, all shall revere.
The spotless Clarkson,—for his name
Stands *first* upon the scroll of fame !

Boston, Oct. 1841.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE AMERICAN DELEGATES, WHO ATTENDED THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, HELD IN LONDON, IN 1840.

BY H. R.

May Justice and Mercy your efforts inducing,
Bring Peace to your bosoms when far o'er the
wave;
You have sought your own homes where true
hearts are producing
Kind Sympathy's hopes for the suffering slave!

Do you ask our assistance?—then may it be given,
With feelings to which only hearts can respond;
The Christian may hail it as Heaven's commis-
sion,
And the earth-ward bound spirit as Nature's
demand.

Here intellect's powers, and the soul's deepest
breathings,
Have mingled in one o'er the woes of our kind,

And the father's, the husband's and patriot's feelings,

Have given full force to the promptings of mind.

And in ages to come, when the heart's deep emotion

Has ceased, and the wronged and pleader are one,

Your children's children shall hear with devotion,
The names of the Victors who Victory won.

But not this your reward—far higher awaits you,

Where Fame and Ambition, alike are unknown;
Where the warrior with joy shall each weapon relinquish

For the breast-plate of Peace and the Amaranth Crown!

Bath, (Eng.) 11 mo. 12, 1840.

SLAVERY.

BY H. R.

To the mind which prejudice has not biassed, to the judgment which interest has not warped, and, ere they have been blunted by familiarity with crime, to those holy feelings of our nature which bind men as one family to each other, the sin of Slavery must appear one of the deepest abominations that ever found resting-place in the heart of man,—one of the foulest streams that ever had origin in that impure and polluted source.

But alas! so fearful is the triumph of evil over good, and of the mean, unworthy motives of prejudice and interest, over those which are noble, just, and generous, that the monster Tyranny has stalked unmasked before the world, gloried in his iniquity, and bid scornful defiance to any attempt at the rescue of his victims.

Nor have vice and infamy alone, been his supporters; professed piety and honor have refused to anathematize the accursed thing. But praise be to Him whose “ways are past finding out,”

a brighter day has dawned, revealing the works of darkness in all their horrid deformity. The cry of the bondsman has been heard, thrilling our hearts to their inmost centres, and arousing our slumbering energies—and the echo has thundered back on the oppressors to let the oppressed go free. And where the loud call is spurned, tremble, proud tyrant, for the day of retribution, when thou and thy suffering victim shall stand impartially before Him, who, as he was once your Saviour, shall be your Judge, and “verily there is no respect of persons with him.” And thou despised and afflicted one, remember that while man is powerful, God is omnipotent, and that the commission is still going forth “to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.”

Bath, 11 mo. 12, 1840.

THE LIBERTY BANNER.

In January last, by a vote of the Massachusetts Female Emancipation Society, a Banner was proffered to the town in the Tenth Congressional District which should cast the largest proportionate number of votes for the Liberty Party's candidate. The town of Berkley won the Banner; and on the 17th of last June it was presented to the noble men who stood erect in the political whirlwind that swept over our country, at the time of the last Presidential election.

The manner of presentation was as follows :— On the 17th of June, (the day which is celebrated in memory of the battle of Bunker Hill,) the friends of Freedom in Berkley thought that they could not render more effectual service to the cause of Freedom, than by having an Anti-Slavery gathering. Accordingly a meeting was appointed, and the spacious and commodious meeting-house was filled to overflowing, both morning and afternoon, with the most eager and attentive listeners. In the afternoon, after the singing of a hymn, written for the occasion by a member of the Massachusetts F.

E. Society, the Rev. Nathaniel Colver, on behalf of the Massachusetts F. E. Society, gave the Banner into the hands of the Rev. Thomas Andros, a soldier of the revolution, who had been appointed to receive it by the voters of Berkley.

The presentation was followed by a long and deeply interesting speech, which was received by the audience with the most enthusiastic cheering. Mr. Andros replied with feelings of deep emotion, and more than once was the tear seen to steal down his care-worn cheek, while every heart felt the mighty weight attached to words falling from those lips, which had ever breathed of Freedom, and for which he had sacrificed much of health and comfort.

It was indeed a goodly sight to behold the venerable Andros, with his locks white with age, displaying "before the people" that Banner, which we trust will one day wave over the Capitol. Long live those noble souled men, who, despising the petty trickery of "party," stood forth for the defence of the inalienable rights of ALL!

As some of our friends desire a description of the Banner, we append the following:—It is

made of pure white satin. The face presents the goddess of Liberty, holding the staff of Freedom with her right hand, while her left touches a shield. Floating in the breeze at the head of the staff is a pennant, on which are inscribed the words of Cowper, "*I go to make Freemen of Slaves!*" On the shield is written, "One shall chase a thousand;" while at the feet of the goddess are marked in letters of gold, the words of the sweet singer of Israel, "Thou hast given a Banner unto them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

The reverse of the Banner has the Liberty Party's emblem, the beautiful, fragrant, and ever-enduring Cedar of Lebanon, under which is found, "The righteous shall grow like a Cedar in Lebanon." The whole is encircled with a superb, gold colored fringe and tassels.

The ladies of Berkley were deeply interested on the occasion, and displayed much taste in erecting arches of flowers, and ornamenting the house with garlands of roses and evergreen, so that it was literally filled with perfume from heaven's own breath.

TO JOSEPH STURGE, ESQ.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MASS. F. E. SOCIETY.

When the ear thine accents heard,
Then it blest thee for the word;
When the eye beheld thy face
Beaming with benignant grace,—
Then arose from sire and son,
Youth and maid, with voice as one,
Blessings for the gifts of heaven,
By thy hand so freely given.

In those Islands of the Free,
Where the song of Jubilee
Floats upon each spicy gale,
Waking echoing hill and dale,
There the Negro bows the knee,
Breathing words of peace to Thee,
And each lisping babe and mother,
Joy to call thee, *Friend* and Brother.

Memory ever fresh shall keep
All thine acts of love, and deep

In each Freeman's soul shall dwell,
Thoughts of Thee, whose magic spell,
Shall awake to ceaseless toil,
All the good of every soil,
While *Columbia's* sons of need,
Own thee for a FRIEND, indeed !

THE BALLOT BOX.

BY L. A. SMITH.

A revolutionary soldier stood beside the ballot box. Thoughtful he stood and gazed upon the thronging multitude. A young man came to him and asked if he would vote for Garrison and Tyler. "For Garrison and Tyler," cried the soldier, "slave-holding Tyler! Never." Indignantly he spurned the proffered vote, and raising his tall form to its full height, exclaimed, "a Northern laborer vote for slavery!—a Northern laborer vote for unpaid toil and fettered limbs! May his hand perish, if he thus betray the bondman. The ballot box is Freedom's altar. O come not here to sanction slavery! Go down to Southern blood-stained fields, there chain immortal souls, and drive them to the field like brutes. Aye, seize the driver's lash, and scourge to death your helpless victims. But come not to the ballot box, to vote for chains and fetters. A holy thing is Liberty. Profane not thus her sacred shrine. Your fathers fought, and bled, and died, to win for you a rich inheritance—a precious

legacy—the priceless ballot box; but ye are bartering it for gold. Oh, shameful avarice; for paltry gold ye sell your country's freedom. Shame on America! she fought for liberty, and holds in slavery groaning millions! Are ye not riveting chains and setters on yourselves and on your children? Oh, rouse ye, ere it be too late. Methinks even now I hear the setters clank—methinks, even now, I see the falling lash, and Southern masters driving Northern yeomen to the Ballot Box!"

Glastenbury, Conn., 1841.

THE FREED CAPTIVE.

BY S. P. H.

Oh! God, I am free,
My limbs are unbound;
My shackles have fell
On this holy ground.

Here, never is shed
The Captive's lone tear;
Oppression's base tread
Shall never come near.

No ! men are not here
By brothers fast bound;
Here the lash and the chain
Shall never be found.

Yes, yes, I am free !
And far, far away,
The hunters may speed
In search of their prey.

Back, back, they may go,
My peril is o'er;



My feet they have touched
Fair Liberty's shore !

Now, joyous my heart
With rapture doth swell,
The Captive's last tear,
In bondage hath fell !

Boston, 1841.

STANZAS.

TO THE WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY M. V. BALL.

When the Adriatic tide
Poured its wealth on every side,
And fair Venice rung with glee,
At the marriage of the sea;
And the Bucentaur with gold
All bedecked, in costly fold
Glided to bright Lido's shore,
With full many a playful oar,
Then in gems and diamonds gay,
Singing many a roundelay,
Woman stood, fresh, beauteous, beaming,
As the morn, from Ida streaming !

When the war-cry on the air
Spoke a Nation near despair;—
With an eye undimmed with sorrow
Or sad visions of the morrow,
Stands the Peasant of Orleans,
Where in pomp and beauty, gleams
All the pageantry of State,
Which on crowns and sceptres wait—

"Follow! follow!" is her cry,
"France shall live, or we will die!"
And ere fled the summer roses,
Clovis all the tale discloses.

Though no pomp in silvery bay
Calls, her beauty to display,
Or no cohort's glittering steel
Tells the woes that thousands feel,—
Woman hath not cast away
Care for those who nightly pray,
By the moon's pale silvery light,
Crushed by dark oppression's blight.
No! on Britain's vine-clad shores,
Oft the secret prayer she pours,
That o'er Western lake and river,
Nought but Freedom's bark may quiver.

Yes, and not alone that prayer;
Faith that works with zeal is there,
Causing heart and hand to move
In the holy work of love,
Comforting the few and weak,
Who have dared to do and speak,
For the millions o'er whose soul
Tyranny usurps control;

Where Columbia's banner waves,
 Wet with blood of countless slaves,
 Where for sipping Freedom's water,
 Perish grey-haired Sire and Daughter !

Blessings evermore attend
 All the steps of those who lend
 Hand or heart, or voice, or eye,
 To the bondman's wo, or cry.
 When on Zion's mountain, stand
 All the blest, from every land,
 These shall come in bright array,
 There redeemed from Slavery's sway,
 And in joyful accents, pour
 Gladsome music on that shore ;
 While the Saviour's radiant face,
 Shining with unmixed grace,
 Wakes the enchanting minstrelsy,
 "Ye have done it unto me!"

ERRATA.—In the article headed "*Liberty*," eighth line, page 29, for "share" read *shade*.

Page 31, seventh line from the bottom, for "dark sea" read *deep sea*.

Page 32, eighth line from the bottom, for "shore" read *space*.